

On the Death of a Friend
the Gift of my Dear Mother

SONNETS, &c.

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SONNETS
AND
OTHER POEMS;
WITH A
VERSIFICATION
OF
THE SIX BARDS OF OSSIAN.

By *S. EGERTON BRIDGES*, Esq.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, AND LATE OF QUEEN'S
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

MIHI PARVA RURA, ET
SPIRITUM GRAIÆ TENUEM CAMOENÆ
PARCA NON MENDAX DEDIT, ET MALIGNUM
SPERNERE VULGUS.

Hor. Lib. ii. Od. 16.

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DEDICATION.

.....

To Mrs. BRYDGES,

OF ST. LAWRENCE HOUSE, NEAR CANTERBURY.

O THOU, whose care o'er all my life presides,
Whose hand supports me, and whose judgment guides;
From jocund parties of the noisy bar,
From crouds, and unendearing circles far,
Pleas'd to whose chearful roof I steal away,
In sweet domestic bliss to pass my day!
(For what wild joys, what flattery can supply
The tender watchings of a Mother's eye?)
Beneath thy smiles I catch poetic fire,
And strike with rapt'rous hand my echoing lyre!
For Thou without contempt my faults dost bear,
Tho' oft unmeaning they have drawn thy tear,
My ill-tim'd ardors, and my scorn to raise
On the soft arts, that grace the world, my praise,
Whilst wild Ambition leads my hopes astray,
To draw attention to the simple lay,

DEDICATION.

Which strives the Fancy's visions to impart,
Or wake the slumb'ring feelings of the heart.
Vain hope! For to the most neglected string
Of the neglected lyre I dare to sing.
Yet these wild wishes, free from blame, or scorn,
With all their train of follies hast thou borne;
To whom but thee, my Mother, then belongs
The small requital of my humble songs?

*Middle Temple,
April 5, 1785.*

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S O N N E T S.

SONNET I.

TO A FRIEND.

REASONS FOR ATTENDING TO POETRY.

OS. I, 1782.

ASK' ST, why I court the poor neglected lyre?

In hopes, thro' life 'twill chear my steady way,

Drawn by no worldly pomp, nor cares astray,

And give me passport to the heavenly choir.

The conscience, pure delight that I inspire,

And for good deeds alone pour forth the lay,

No aid, my friend, to lead me calmly gay

Thro' ignorance and envy will require.

I strike the strings: and strait my purged ear

Hears not their praise or blame. For if my song

Should, as it breathes, illumine the brow of care,

The sluggard rouse, or bear the faint along;

Shall I for self alone have labour'd here?

Oh, no! The plea shall gain my soul heav'n's tuneful throng.

SONNET II.



To Miss Mann *nam M^{rs} Mann*

WRITTEN BY MOON-LIGHT.

July 18, 1782.

SWEET gentle angel, not that I aspire
 To win thy favour, tho' ambition raise,
 My wishes high, I wake anew my lays;
 But that thine image may adorn my lyre
 With beauty, more than fancy could inspire.
 As, when behind the silver clouds she strays,
 The moon peeps thro', and sheds a mellow blaze,
 Till woods, hills, vallies, with enchantment fire;
 So does thy soul, tho' pent in mortal mould,
 Break thro' the brighten'd veil; illume thy form;
 In thy sweet manners all its powers unfold;
 With soften'd lights each varied feature warm;
 And in thine eyes such fairy radiance hold,
 That on each object round they beam a magic charm.

SONNET III.

ON THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

July 24, 1782.

YE alleys green, and high o'er-arching trees,
 Where Summer flings his fragrance wild around,
 And feather'd choirs a native concert sound;
 Ye melancholy sighings of the breeze;
 And thou, pale Moon, whose fairy beamings seize
 My soul with transport ever new, art crown'd
 With placid joys, more charming than are found
 Mid golden roofs and lamps, and all the art to please!
 Can crowded cities, and tumultuous noise,
 Where Envy, Pride, and deep Resentment wake,
 Produce such sober, peaceful, genuine joys?
 Can man's vain toils a mimic grandeur make,
 With charms like these, whose pleasure never cloy,
 Whose varying sweets not Time himself can shake?

SONNET IV.

ON DREAMS.

Oct. 15, 1782.

O Gentle Sleep, come, wave thine opiate wing,
And with thy dewy fingers close mine eyes !
Then shall freed Fancy from her cell arise,
And elves, and fairies dance in airy ring
Before her sight, and melting visions bring
Of virgin love, pure faith, and lonely sighs ;
While on the passing gale soft music dies,
And hands unseen awake the ærial string.
Ye dreams, to me than waking bliss more dear ;
Love-breathing forms, before my view display'd ,
And fairy songs, that charm my ravish'd ear ;
Let blackening cares my day with darkness shade,
In smiling patience every wrong I'll bear,
While ye seduce me with your nightly aid !

SONNET V.

ON ECHO AND SILENCE.

O^S. 20, 1782.

IN eddying course when leaves began to fly,
 And Autumn in her lap the treasure strew,
 As mid wild scenes I chanc'd the muse to woo
 Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high;
 Two sleeping nymphs, with wonder mute I spy:—
 And lo! she's gone.—In robe of dark-green hue
 'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.
 In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
 Not so her sister. Hark! For onward still
 With far-heard step she takes her hasty way,
 Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill:
 Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

S O N N E T VI.

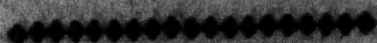


TO AUTUMN, NEAR HER DEPARTURE.

O^{*a*}. 30, 1782.

THOU maid of gentle light, thy straw-wove vest,
 And ruffet cincture ; thy loose pale-ting'd hair ;
 Thy melancholy voice, and languid air,
 As if shut up within that pensive breast
 Some ne'er-to-be-divulged grief was prest ;
 Thy looks resign'd, that smiles of patience wear,
 While Winter's blasts thy scatter'd tresses tear,
 Thee, Autumn, with divinest charms have blest !
 Let blooming Spring with gaudy hopes delight,
 That dazzling Summer shall of her be born ;
 Let Summer blaze ; and Winter's stormy train
 Breathe awful music in the ear of Night ;
 Thee will I court, sweet dying maid forlorn,
 And from thy glance will catch th' inspired strain.

SONNET VII.



Cambridge

ON RETURNING TO ***** , NOV. 5, 1782.

O My lov'd lyre, thou cheerer of my days !
 How ill can I the rude misfortune bear,
 That, by the damps of this Boeotian air,
 Thy strings untun'd no more the song will raise !
 The shout of riot, and th' indecent phrase,
 The mad fool's bravo to th' assaults of care,
 Ah ! how will these assail my palled ear,
 Now thou hast ceas'd the magic of thy lays !
 O thou, the queen of this my tuneless shell,
 O leave not vacant thus my drooping breast,
 But touch me, heav'nly muse, with wonted fire !
 So shall my days within my lonely cell
 Fleet quick away, in search of wisdom blest,
 Heedless of Comus, and his noisy choir.

S O N N E T V I I I .

TO A LADY IN ILLNESS.

Miss Harriot Rhudd

Feb. 15, 1783.

NEW to the world, when all was fairy ground,
 And shapes romantic swam before my sight,
 Thy beauty caught my soul, and tints as bright,
 And fair as Fancy's dreams, in thee I found:
 In cold experience when my hopes were drown'd,
 And life's dark clouds o'er-veil'd in mists of night
 The forms, that wont to fill me with delight,
 Thy view again dispell'd the darkness round.
 Shall I forget thee, when the pallid cheek,
 The sighing voice, wan look, and plaintive air,
 No more the roseate hue of health bespeak?
 Shall I neglect thee as no longer fair?
 No, lovely maid! If in my heart I suck,
 Thy beauty deeply is engraven there.

SONNET IX.



TO EVENING.

July 26, 1783.

SWEET Eve, of softest voice, and gentlest beam,
 Say, since the pensive strains thou once didst hear
 Of him, * the Bard sublime of Arun's stream,
 Will aught beside delight thy nicer ear?
 Me wilt thou give to praise thy shadowy gleam;
 Thy fragrant breath, and dying murmurs dear;
 The mists, that o'er thee from thy vallies steam,
 And elfin shapes, that round thy car appear;
 The music, that attends thy state; the bell
 Of distant feld; the gently-warbling wind,
 And watch-dog's hollow voice from cottag'd dell?
 For these to purest pleasure wake the mind;
 Lull each tumultuous passion to its cell;
 And leave soft soothing images behind.

* Collins. See his Ode to Evening.

SONNET X.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF THE COLD
WEATHER, OCT. 9, 1783.

ONE morn, what time the fickle 'gan to play,
The Eastern gates of Heav'n were open laid,
When forth the rosy hours did lead a maid,
From her sweet eyes who shed a soften'd ray:
Blushing and fair she was; and from the braid
Of her gold locks she shook forth perfumes gay:
Yet languid look'd, and indolently stray'd
Awhile, to watch the harvest borne away,
But now with sinews brac'd, and aspect hale,
With buskin'd legs, and quiver cross her slung,
With hounds and horn she seeks the wood and vale,
And Echo listens to her forest song:
At eve, she flies to hear her poet's tale,
And "AUTUMN's" name resounds his shades among.

SONNET XL

ON HUNTING.

O^ct. 20, 1783.

OCTOBER, hail to thy melodious morn!
 Thy gale bears music on its fragrant wings:
 Hark! to the wind the hound his rapture flings,
 And the glad huntsman sounds his cheerful horn:
 The poor hare rues the day that she was born;
 Tidings of death to her the chorus brings,
 For the vale echoes, and the forest rings,
 And fast behind the hunter-band are borne.
 Onward they come: o'er every barrier fly;
 Pour down the hill; and skim along the plain;
 Then up the steep again are tost on high;
 Nor fear can stop, nor precipice restrain:
 For courage, vigorous health, and jollity,
 And manly strength by exercise they gain.

S O N N E T XII.



To Miss *Mollie*, or *Norfolk* now *hon^d Mrs West*

Aug. 4. 1784.

SWEET is the gleam of morn; and sweet on high
 The wandering moon; with sweets all Nature blest;
 But most the Virgin's beauty strikes the breast;
 The tender voice, white neck, and full black eye
 Drowsily-sweet, like Sol thro' clouds; the dye,
 That paints the cheek, by dark-brown locks carest;
 The slender form, that grace and ease invest,
 Yet shrinking from the sight with modesty;
 The manners form'd to shine in courts; yet meek,
 And pleas'd with all, and wishing all to please,
 Enrapture: but when join'd in one they speak,
 The Bard with joys unutterable seize:
 Yet such he fear'd but in his dreams to seek,
 Till Mary blest his gaze with living charms like these.

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Aug. 14, 1784.

O Ye, the scenes, that nurs'd my childhood sweet,
Tho' many a mark to Time's rude sickle bow,
Which once I rear'd ; and tho' the fervid vow
No more to yon fall'n bench shall draw my feet ;
Nor the green hedge, beneath whose dark retreat
For boyish frolics oft I twin'd the bough,
Remain : Yet in each tree, whose shadowy brow
Spreads o'er the lawn, an ancient friend I greet !
Fancy has trick'd thy hill, and wood, and vale
With fairy shapes ; and from each shrub, and flower ;
Each sound, the woodman's stroke, the thresher's flail,
And of the kennel'd hounds the loud uproar,
My tearful smiles, past friends, or pleasures hail,
Which all my infant extacies restore.

Ex LUCRET. Lib. IV. V. 576.

QUÆ bene cum videas, rationem reddere possis
 Tute tibi, atq; aliis, quo pacto per loca sola
 Saxa pareis formas verborum ex ordine reddant,
 Palanteis comites cum montes inter opacos
 Querimus, & magnâ dispersos voce ciemus.
 Sex etiam, aut septem loca vidi reddere voces,
 Unam cum jaceres: ita colles collibus ipsis
 Verba repulfantes iterabant dicta referre.
 Hæc loca capripedes Satyros, Nymphasq; tenere
 Finitimi fingunt; & Faunos esse loquuntur;
 Quorum noctivago strepitu, ludoq; jocanti
 Adfirmant volgo taciturna silentia rumpi;
 Chordarumq; sonos fieri; dulcesq; querelas,
 Tibia quas fundit digitis pulsata canentum:
 Et genus agricolûm latè sentiscere, cum Pan
 Pineæ semiferi capitis velamina quassans,
 Unco sæpe labro calamos percurrit hiantis;
 Fistula sylvestrem ne cesset fundere musam.

SONNET XV.

From LUCRETIVS, B. IV. V. 577.

CONCERNING ECHOES.

Sept. 5, 1784.

WAND'RING amid deep woods, and mountains dark
 Wilder'd by night, my comrades lost to guide,
 Oft thro' the void I've rais'd my voice; and hark!
 The rocks with twenty mimic tones replied,
 Within those sacred haunts, 'tis said, abide
 Fauns, Nymphs, and Satyrs, who delight to mark,
 And mock each lonely sound: but ere the lark
 Wakes her shrill note, to secret cells they glide.
 Night-wand'ring noises, revelry, and joke
 Disturb the air, 'tis said by rustics round,
 Who start to hear its solemn silence broke,
 And warbling strings, and plaintive pipes to sound:
 And oft they hear, when Pan his reed hath woke,
 Hills, vales, and woods, and glens the harmony rebound.

WRITTEN AT WOODEN, IN KENT.

Aug. 16, 1784.

YE scenes, my melancholy soul that fill,
Where Nature's voice no crowds tumultuous drown,
And, but thro' breaks of trees, the lawn that crown,
The paths of men are seen ; and farther still,
Scarce peeps the city-spire o'er many an hill !
Your green retreats, lone walks, and shadows brown,
While sheep feed round beneath the branches' frown,
Shall calm my mind, and holy thoughts instill.
What tho' with passion oft my trembling frame
Each real, and each fancied wrong enflame,
Wand'ring alone I here my thoughts reclaim :
Repentment sinks, Disgust within me dies ;
And Charity, and meek Forgiveness rise,
And melt my soul, and overflow mine eyes.

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SONNET XVI.

WRITTEN NOV. 30, 1784.

THIS thy last day, dark month! to me is dear,
For this first saw my infant eyes unbound.
Now two-and-twenty years have hasten'd round,
Yet from the bud no ripen'd fruits appear:
My spirits, drooping at the thought, to cheer,
By my fond friends the jovial bowl is crown'd,
While sad I sit, my eyes upon the ground,
And scarce refrain to drop the silent tear.
Yet, O beloved Muse, if in me glow
Ambition for false fame, the thirst abate!
Teach me, for fields and flocks, mankind to know,
And ope my eyes to all, that's truly great:
To view the world unmask'd on me bestow,
And knaves and fools to scorn undeas'd by their state!

O D E I

Kenrick

TO MISS KESSE, ON HER DEPARTURE.

Miss K died Sept: 1785 -

Jan. 25, 1782.

FOR many an hour of soft delight,
 Rais'd in my soul by thy fond sight;
 For many a sail on Pleasure's stream,
 Still soften'd in my nightly dream,
 Thy memory shall live enshrined
 Within the temple of my mind;
 And if we meet in worlds above,
 My soul to thee still grateful prove.

Can I forget how I have hung
 Enamour'd on thy gentle tongue?
 How, as (like Morning's orient streaks)
 Youth 'gan to open on thy cheeks,
 I've mark'd the melting languor spread,
 That thy sweet eyes around have shed;

Have mark'd the dear unpractis'd sigh,

Within thy heaving bosom lie :

With what emotion I have seen

Thy artless smile, thy tender mien ?

Can I forget the raptur'd pains

These charms have caus'd within my reins ?

No: for these joys bestow'd on me

May Heaven its blessings send on thee,

Heav'n knows, when we shall meet again :

And dare I hope this simple strain

Will in Futurity's lone hour,

Recall me from Oblivion's power,

And, as I e'er shall think on thee,

A moment turn thy thoughts on me.

Farewell : May Woe, with entrance rude,

Ne'er on thy gentle breast intrude,

But all thy tender minutes roll

In love, and harmony of soul !

O D E II.

UPON BEGINNING THE STUDY OF THE LAW.

written on returning to Lemna from Wotton

YES, Glory! I have heard the sound,
 That shook the vale, and hills around,
 Where all at ease reclin'd I lay,
 With melting Poesy at play,
 Rous'd at thy call to sterner Law,
 To him my ling'ring steps I draw.
 Yet must I leave my native plain,
 No more to see my Love again?
 What, tho' no more I all day long
 May listen to her am'rous song;
 Tho' I no more from morn to eve
 Her fairy legends may believe;
 A backward glance I still may roll,
 To sooth the feelings of my soul;
 And still at times thy toils may cease,
 And thou thy captive may'st release,

Again in fairy paths to meet
 The nymph, that led his infant feet;
 To trace the verdure, as it spreads
 Its stealing progress o'er the meads;
 To mark the leaves begin to bud,
 And hear the birds awake the wood;
 And busy rooks, with clamor loud,
 That round the reverend elm-trees crowd;
 To mark the Spring's soft genial cheer
 From trance awaken'd Nature rear,
 And all the face of things rejoice
 Rous'd by her enlivening voice:
 With her, in Summer's noontide heat,
 In some deep shade to take his seat,
 And there unfold with rapt regard
 The tale of some enchanted Bard,
 Inspired Spencer then perchance
 Across the lone retreat may glance,
 Reproach my poor affrighted maid,
 And tell her, how she him betray'd;
 How she on him from childhood smil'd,
 And thence to dwell with her beguil'd;

How she his heavenly song receiv'd
 Too exquisite for gross mankind !
 For he to winds, and waters sang,
 And Want assail'd his god-like tongue.
 Scar'd at the warning sign'd at me,
 I then once more shall yield to thee.
 But, Glory, thou wilt still allow
 To let me breathe my casual vow :
 With her sometimes, at midnight hour,
 Amid the elemental roar,
 When Winter bids his winds arise,
 And spirits howl along the skies,
 To turn the page of heroes old,
 Of fairy Knights, and Barons bold,
 And many a soft bewitching maid,
 In fell enchanter's castle laid :
 Then creep with shivering fear to bed,
 Nor turn around the room my head,
 Left 'mid the solemn shades of night,
 Their ghosts should meet my shuddering sight.
 If such indulgence thou wilt give,
 Then I wish tedious Law will live.

O D E III.

Safely

To Miss L. Leese, of Ipswich.

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

JUNE 6, 1783.

BY silver Cynthia's shadowy gleam,
 We drink of Inspiration's stream,
 A thousand fairy shapes we see,
 That with the pensive mood agree;
 Forms, in a thousand lights combin'd,
 Fleet before the tranced mind;
 And, lest we lose the airy train,
 We paint them in the living strain.

Soft maid, lest, like the passing cloud,
 The scenes, that on my fancy crowd,
 When, by mild Cynthia's pensive ray,
 To feast my thoughts on thee I stray,
 Lest these so swift should pass, my lyre
 Shall tell each thought, thy charms inspire.

As in the pilgrimage of life,
 Beset with many a toil, and strife,
 The steepy hill of Fame doth rise
 In hard ascent before my eyes,
 (Yet such as ne'er shall me detain
 To haunt alone the lowly plain)
 Awhile my spirits droop; but soon
 Thy form appears in Beauty's noon:
 "Be thou companion of my way,"
 I cry, "and all my paths are gay;
 For well I know thy soothing smile
 The mighty labor can beguile."

Thus as I speak, and watch the shade,
 My idolizing soul has made,
 Again, sweet nymph, in Fancy's ear,
 Thy mild and simple voice I hear;
 Again I view, as thou dost speak,
 The blush, that paints thy tender cheek.
 And these can more than toil requite;
 O'er darker demons shed their light;
 In vain the fiends, that haunt my way,
 When thou art by, will watch their prey;

Vain will be Envy, Strife, and Scorn,
 As spectres in the ray of morn;
 Vainly, if thou wilt smile, dear maid,
 Shall hills oppose, and fets invade!

Yet when my fancy sees thy form
 With beauty, truth, and softness warm,
 How can I hope thy wondrous charms
 Will yield to blefs my ruder arms?
 But, "dear possessor of my breast,"
 Sweet soother of my cares to rest,
 Ah! think, a frown upon my joy
 Would all my fairy piles destroy!

O D E IV.

TO SPRING.

April 14, 1784.

HENCE, Winter, gloomy power !
 Beneath thine iron rod we groan too long ;
 Nor vernal light, nor song
 Hath yet awoke to sooth the lagging hour.
 Go, with thy loathed band,
 Where hills of ice, and snowy mountains rise,
 Whose strength the sun defies :
 There, amid dismal caves, and icy thrones,
 Dispense thine horrid frowns ;
 While storms, and hail, and wind for ever fill the land.
 But come, soft Spring, no more delay
 To bless us with thy genial sway !
 Thy beams have yet but faintly shone,
 By storms, and darkness soon o'er-blown ;

No soft'ring warmth they yet have shed
 To wake the verdure of the mead;
 To ope the primrose' wild perfume,
 Or rear to life the violet's bloom.
 Then come, sweet nymph, with fixed pace
 The tyrant shall with fearful face
 Behold far off thy steady beams,
 And haste away his ragged teams.
 O come, thou Queen of gay delights,
 Tho' late, to bless our longing sights!
 Flow'rs shall spring up beneath thy way,
 And earth, and air, and seas be gay.
 Adown the mountain's woody side
 The tumbling torrent shall subside;
 And the whistling wind no more
 Thro' the castle's turrets roar;
 But rills shall lulling music keep,
 And spires, and battlements shall peep
 With glittering hue, amid the shade,
 While shepherds' pipes shall from the glade
 Echo sweet; and virgins gay,
 With fresh-bloom'd cheeks, to hear them play.

Shall issue from the castle's bounds,
 And dance to thee their merry rounds.
 On shadowy greens to thee the Fays
 Shall there a moon-light altar raise;
 And there, by Cynthia's paly rays,
 Will I to thee my orgies pay:
 Meads shall smile; the frisking flock
 Shall bleat from valley, and from rock;
 And oft at fold their tinkling bell
 Shall wake the Poet's pensive shell;
 To thee by twilight he shall sing,
 Sooth'd by the air soft-murmuring.
 At morn, from furrow'd lands afar,
 Plowmen's songs shall tend thy ear;
 And the woodman's echoing stroke,
 That too often hath awoke
 The genius of the deepen'd wood
 From the still shades of his abode,
 But within the fertile vale,
 Daisied pastures shall not fail,
 With flowrets wild of ev'ry hue,
 To ope their blossoms to thy view;

While the steeple-bells shall ring,
 And down the wave their echoes ring,
 Which, soften'd by the warbling wind,
 With extacies shall fill the mind.
 In yonder painted meadow's bound,
 With hills, and wood enclos'd around,
 My love, and I will wildly stray,
 To pick each flower, that drinks thy ray.
 May her enchanting form no fare,
 Like that unhappy maid's, await,
 Whom gloomy Dis by force convey'd
 To his low region's dismal shade!
 For she, sad nymph, had only stray'd
 To bask amid thy fragrant blooms,
 And fill her lap with thy perfumes,
 When he, black God! with grim delight,
 Bore the wild maid to endless night.
 Ah, no! I never will profane
 With gloomy fears thy joyous reign;
 But, while this youthful blood shall sport
 Within my veins, I thee will court;

The pleasures of thy train will join,
 And hail thy blooming nymphs divine;
 To them my tales of love repeat,
 And mark, how thy prolific heat
 On their soft cheeks bids blushes rise,
 And sheds sweet languor o'er their eyes.

If hoary locks my temples shade,
 Ere in the peaceful grave I'm laid,
 Then may I haunt the rural hall,
 Round which the rooks, with clamorous call,
 To thee their early rites begin,
 Far from the peopled city's din;
 And wak'd by them, at dawning day,
 Watch how the buds their leaves display;
 And sooth'd by them, when Eve shall come,
 Mark their thick flocks returning home!
 Awhile contentious strife, and noise,
 And loud complaint, their rest destroys;
 But by degrees the tumults close,
 The murmurers sink to calm repose.
 While thus I watch them to their nest,
 Sooth'd by soft sympathy to rest,

Sweet slumbers o'er mine eyes will creep,
And in mild dreams my fancy sleep.

Thus, Spring, with thee I'll pass my day,
Thus sooth my evening hours away;
Thus, as I totter on life's brink,
To my last slumbers softly sink.

O D E V.

I.

SINCE Time at length has lull'd to rest
 The wild confusions of my breast,
 And her lov'd image, at whose sight
 My senses were in tumult tost,
 Can now appear more gently bright,
 And sooth my soul to calm delight,
 My fancy shall in dreams be lost,
 Of all those fairy pleasures o'er,
 Which will return no more.

II.

How oft, amid th' Autumnal reign,
 I met my angel on the plain!
 How oft we cheerly clos'd around
 The social board, when evening came!
 Nor were her sweet attentions drown'd
 In mirth, and flattery's syren sound;
 But with kind looks she fed my flame;
 Nor my sad silence did reprove,
 But knew it rose from love.

III.

How oft with kind, and patient ear

My faltering accents she did hear,

Nor my inequity did she disdain!

But while vain youths their tales prefer'd,

And at her feet with ease complain'd,

By my rude converse still detain'd,

My incoherent words she heard;

And while their fictions idly flow'd,

Her smiles on me bestow'd!

IV.

Once when she listen'd to my tongue,

On her seiz'd hand I fondly hung,

With quivering lip, and darting eye,

And thoughts as wild as maniacs feel;

And bad her mark the lightnings fly,

That play'd about the northern sky:

When fire, as tears adown did steal,

Stood on my soul soft Pity's beam,

And bad its waves be calm.

V.

But when relentless Time did part
 From me the charmer of my heart ;
 Then have I sought the lonely glade,
 On her to feed my pensive mind :
 There did I still behold the maid,
 And mutter to her hallow'd shade :
 Or if the social crew I join'd,
 Nor jocund bowl, nor festive dance,
 Could wake me from my trance.

VI.

'Twas where wild Nature's fertile powers
 Scatter her most luxuriant showers ;
 Where hills, deep-clad with shadowy wood,
 Compass green meads, and vallies round,
 My beauteous angel's dwelling stood ;
 And Autumn shed her yellow flood
 Of light upon th' enchanted ground ;
 Where russet tints, and dying gleams,
 Still fed my fairy dreams.

VII.

Silence, whene'er it meets my sight,

There seems a visionary light

Thrown round each object of the place :

In every wind, in every walk,

A vanish'd pleasure I retrace,

A long-lost mistress I embrace,

And with her yet-lov'd shadow talk :

And Autumn's gleams my mem'ry still

With pensive raptures fill.

THE SIX BARDS.

From a Note to the Poem, entitled

CROMA, OF OSSIAN, VERSIFIED.



ARGUMENT.

FIVE BARDS, AND A CHIEF, HIMSELF ALSO A BARD, HAVING MET IN THE CHIEF'S HALL ONE EVENING IN OCTOBER, THE TIME OF THE HIGHLAND HARVEST, WHERE THE WEATHER IS THEN PARTICULARLY VARIABLE, EACH GOES SEVERALLY OUT TO OBSERVE THE WEATHER, AND RETURNING, HERE GIVES HIS ACCOUNT OF IT.

FIRST BARD.

THE Night is dull and dark : in clouds
Heav'n the high-top'd hill enshrouds :
From the black sky no moon doth look :
The blast I hear, the wood that shook ;
Dull and distant now it seems :
And murmur low the valley streams.
From the yew-tree's solemn shade,
The lonely screech-owl wakes the dead.

Behold yon misty form arise !

'Tis a ghost ! It fades, it flies !

From the hut upon the hill

The distant dog doth howl ; and still

The stag lies by the mountain-rill ;

By his side the faithful hind :

Hah ! thro' his horns she hears the wind ;

She starts, but sinks to rest again :

The fearful roe doth safe remain

In the cleft rock : the heath-cock's head

His spreading wing in rest doth shade.

Abroad to stray no beast, nor bird,

Save the owl and fox, is heard :

She upon the leafless tree :

On the dark mountain, howling, he :

Sad, panting, to despair a prey,

The traveller has lost his way ;

Thro' shrubs and thorns, the forest's maze ;

Beside the gurgling rills he strays :

The rock, the pool his soul affright ;

He fears the pale ghost of the night.

Trees to the furious blast resound,

And falling branches shake the ground :

By the wild wind the clinging thorn

Along the fighting front is borne.

The Night is cloudy, full of storms;

Dark; haunted by the ghostly sprite:

Wander the dead in shadowy forms:

My friends, receive me from the Night.



SECOND BARD.

HOWLING winds the mountain shake:

Fast down the hill descend the showers :

Windows clap, and forests quake :

The growing river roars ;

The doubtful ford yon traveller tries ;

But hark, that shriek! He falls, he dies!

The cattle fly ; the beating rain

Drives them from the wat'ry plain;

They tremble, as the torrents fall,

And seek with eager eyes the stall.

The Hunter starts, from sleep dismay'd,

And wakes the lone hut's fire decay'd :

His dripping dogs smoke round his hearth :
 He stops the opening chink with earth.
 Loud roar two mountain-streams : they meet
 Beside his booth ; while sad doth sit
 The shepherd by the mountain's side :
 He waits, till the full streams subside ;
 But gathering waters roll around,
 And groaning trees above him sound ;
 He waits the moon's arising light,
 To his lov'd home to bear him right.
 Ghosts ride upon the storm to night :
 Sweet is their voice the dying winds among,
 And of other worlds their song.

The rain is past, and tempests blow :
 Windows flap ; and rivers flow ;
 Cold drops from the roof descend :
 The sky is clear ; no clouds impend.
 But ah ! See there the gathering showers :
 The western sky with darkness fours :
 The night is stormy ; void of light :
 My friends, receive me from the Night.

T H I R D B A R D.

THE wind still sounds between the hills :
 Still the riven rocks it fills :
 From their high place the firs are bent :
 Wide the turfy hut is rent :
 Each way the clouds divided sail,
 And the burning stars unveil :
 The meteor, token of our doom,
 Flies sparkling thro' the lurid gloom ;
 It burns upon the hill : I see
 The fern, dark rock, and fallen tree.
 What shrouded ghost of paly hue,
 Beneath yon branches do I view ?
 The dark waves tumble on the lake ;
 Upon its rocky sides they break :
 The oars upon the white wave move :
 The boat is brimful in the cove :
 Sad sits a maid the rock beside ;
 She gazes on the rolling tide ;
 She waits her lover's promis'd fight,
 Whose boat she saw, when yet 'twas light.

Are these his shatter'd oars, that break
 On the rough shore? Is this his shriek,
 That in the whistling wind does speak?

Hark! Descends the rattling hail:
 Flakes of snow the ground o'erveil:
 White grows the top of every hill:
 And the stormy wind is still:
 Varied, and cold the storm descends:
 Receive me from the Night, my friends.

FOURTH BARD.

THE Night is calm; and fair: the Heaven
 Starry and blue: the clouds are driven
 Far by the winds, that are suppress'd;
 And Moonlight on the hills doth rest:
 Trees glitter: Shine the mountain-streams:
 Bright rolls the lake its moon-reflecting beams.
 The scatter'd shocks of corn I see
 Upon the plain, and fallen tree:

The wakeful hind the flocks rebuilds
 And whistles on the distant fields.
 The Night is settled, calm, and fair :
 But who is flitting in the air,
 She from the dead, in robe of snow,
 With golden tresses on her brow,
 Chief-of-the-people's lovely child,
 Beneath the spear of Death who smil'd?
 Come, lovely-Maid, and bless our fight,
 Thou, in whom Heroes took delight !
 Hah ! on the blast the phantom flies ;
 Formless it melts into the skies.

Blue mists across the valley fleet :
 Grey, on the hill the clouds they meet.
 The Moon throughout the Heav'ns is bright :
 The Night is starry, calm, and blue :
 Receive me not, my friends, from Night :
 The Night is lovely to the view.

FIFTH BARD.

CALM, but dark the Night: a cloud
 Doth in the West the moon enshroud;
 Cross the dark hill her feeble beam
 Moves slowly: sounds the distant stream:
 The torrent murmurs on the rock:
 From the booth is heard the cock.
 Past is more than half the night:
 The housewife wakes the dying light;
 The kindled fire dispels the gloom;
 The hunter thinks that morn is come:
 He calls his nimble dogs around,
 Whistling he goes, and at the sound,
 With him o'er gloomy hills they bound:
 The cloud, with blasts dispersing, flies:
 The North's star-circled plough he sees:
 Much of the night to pass remains:
 Against the mossy rock he leans.
 Hark! The wood a whirlwind shakes,
 A murmur low the valley wakes:

The armies vast of dead are there,
Returning from the crowded air.

The Moon behind the mountain sleeps :
Beyond that lofty rock she peeps :
The shadows of the trees are tall : —
Now mally darkness covers all :
Wide the dreadful gloom extends ;
Receive me from the Night, my friends.



SIXTH BARD, THE CHIEF HIMSELF.

LET clouds upon the hills appear ;
Spirits fly, and travellers fear ;
In the woods let whirlwinds rise ;
And falling storms disturb the skies ;
Let windows clap, and torrents roll ;
Let meteors glare from pole to pole ;
Let the bright moon her radiance shed,
Or in black clouds enclose her head ;
Little the night employs my care,
Stormy, or dark, or blue the air ;

Night flies before the gleam of morn;
 Soon as his rays the hill adorn;
 Dispersing clouds the day restore,
 But we return from night no more.
 Where are our mighty Kings of old,
 Our far-fam'd Kings, in battle bold?
 The fields, where once they fought, are dumb:
 Scarce remains their mossy tomb!
 So We from memory shall decay;
 This lofty house shall sink away;
 Our sons the fragments of the fall
 Shall see not; but to age shall call,
 To tell, where stood their Fathers' Hall!

Raise the song; the harps resound;
 Send the shells of joy around;
 Let an hundred tapers shine;
 Youths and Maids in dances join;
 The hoary-headed minstrel bring,
 The deeds of other times to sing;
 Of mighty Kings, renown'd of old;
 Of Chiefs, that we no more behold!

Thus pass away the cheerful night,
 Till the first gleams of morning-light;
 Then, Youths, the swanging bow assume,
 And, thro' the Night's withdrawing gloom,
 With tuneful dogs the morning cheer,
 And climb the hills, and wake the deer !

TRANSLATION OF ODE IV. B. I. OF HORACE.



S. SEXTIUS.

I.

SHARP Winter is dissolv'd, and yields to grateful Springs.

Down to the sea their ships the sailors bring;

Nor in their stalls the cattle stay, nor ploughmen idly sing.

II.

Upon the spangled meads white frosts no more are seen,

But damsels meet, with Venus for their Queen,

And while the Moon suspends her lamp, they dance upon the green.

III.

The Nymphs and Graces join'd are bounding on the mead,

Light o'er the ground with twinkling feet they tread,

While Vulcan labours in his forge, his glowing band to lead.

IV.

Let myrtles green be ty'd your perfum'd temples round,

Or vi'lets, bursting from the loosen'd ground:

And gifts to Faun, in solemn groves, of lamb or kid, be bound.

Pallida Mors tequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,
 Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
 Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
 Et domus exilis Plutonia; quo simul meâris,
 Nec regna vini fortiere talis;
 Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juvenus
 Nunc omnis, & mox virgines tepebunt.

V.

Pale Death, my friend, who strikes the cot upon the plain,
 No bribes can from the palace-gate detain:
 The little sum of life forbids long hopes to entertain.

VI.

Ev'n now the night will come, and fabled ghosts appear,
 And gloomy Pluto's shadowy kingdoms, where
 Will no such precious wines as these my happy Sextius share.

VII.

Thou wilt no tender maids in those grim scenes admire,
 No blooming charms will there thy lays inspire;
 No wanton Glycera be found, to set the youths on fire.

HOR: ODE XXXII. LIB: I.



IN LYRAM.

POSCIMUR, si quid vacui sub umbra

Lusimus tecum, quod & hunc in annum

Vivat & plures: age, dic Latinum,

Barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulato civi;

Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,

Sive jactatam religarat udo

Littore navim.

Liberum, & Musas, Veneremque, & illi

Semper hærentem puerum canebat,

Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque

Crine decorum.

O decus Phœbi, & dapibus supremi

Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum

Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve

Rite vocanti.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, ODE XXXII. B. I.

To his LYRE.

I.

THEY ask, at ease beneath the shade,
If aught, my Lyre, we yet have play'd,
Whose charms with age shall never fade:

Go on, my lovely Lyre,
Thou by the mighty Lesbian strung,
Who fierce in war, yet arms among,
Or when on land his oars he hung,

Still touch'd thy strings with fire.

II.

Bacchus, the Muses, and the Queen,
Close to whose side was Cupid seen,
And maids he sung, of beauteous mien,
Black eyes, and flowing hair.

O Pheebus' grace, whom gods above
At their immortal circles love,
Sweet shell, who canst my cares remove,

Hail to thy suppliant's prayer!

HOR: ODE XL. LIB: II

AD Q. HIRPINUM.

QUID bellicosus Cantaber & Scythes;

Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adria

Divisus objecto, remittas

Querere; nec trepides in usum

Poscentis ævi pauca: fugit retro

Levis juvenas & decor, arida

Pellente lascivos amores

Canitie facilemque somnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honos

Vernis; neque uno Luna rubens nitet

Vultu: quid æternis minorent

Consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac

Pinu jacentes sic temere, & rosa

Canos odorati capillos,

Dum licet, Assysisque nardo

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, ODE XI. B. II.

T. 2. *HIRPINUS.*

I.

WHAT schemes the fierce Cantabrian fire,
 Or distant Scythian's hopes inspire,
 My friend, dismiss the care to know;
 Nor dread, how future days shall flow.
 Gay youth, and beauty haste away,
 And hoary hairs usurp the sway,
 Nor loves, with wanton blood that glow,
 Nor easy slumbers stay.

II.

Thro' the long year the vernal flowers
 Hold not unfading charms, nor pours
 The Moon a never-waning ray:
 Then why, when fair the present day,
 With future cares fatigue thy mind?
 Better beneath yon shade reclin'd,
 O'er flowing goblets, while we may,
 Our hair with roses bind.

Potamus uncti? dissipat Evius

Curas edaces: quis puer ocyus

Restinguet ardentis Falerni

Pocula prætereunte lympba?

Quis devium scortum eliciet domo

Lyden? eburna, dic age, cum lyra

Maturet, incompum Lacena

More comam religata nodum.

III.

For wine, of cares can cure the soul :

Here temper, boy, the foaming bowl,

The rich Falernum's fervor still

With water from the passing rill !

Then who wild Lydia hither brings ?

O bid her bear her harp's soft strings,

With love our jovial hearts to fill,

While loose her locks she flings.

V E R S E S.

INSCRIBED IN A BOOK, A LEGACY TO A VERY YOUNG
LADY, FROM AN OLD MAN, WHO HAD BEEN A
SERVANT IN HER FAMILY, AND DIED,
AGED 96, MARCH 1782.

ON 1782.

WHEN a few moons (heav'n grant the lot!) have shed
Their ripening lustre o'er thine infant head;
And Shakespeare's page, my Lucy, shall unroll
To thy rapt sight the mirror of the soul;
There, 'mid his scenes with thousand colours fraught,
OLD ADAM shall enchant thy wond'ring thought.
Such was the man, who bad thy mother bear
This small memorial to thy future care:
From youth to age her grateful house he serv'd,
Nor from strict Virtue's path a moment swerv'd.
When Life's dark Winter, as it 'gan to lour,
Blasted his sight, and bound up every power
For active good, yet many a lengthen'd day
With meek content he smil'd beneath its sway;

And still with kindest thoughts his time beguil'd,
And blest the race, for whom he once had toil'd :
Till ninety years being past in measure even,
He sail'd with conscious triumph up to heaven.

Leamy Ireland
To Miss L. L****, of I****D.

ON THE AUTHOR'S DEPARTURE, JUNE 26, 1783.

THOU sweet gentle maiden, ere yet I depart,
Wilt thou hear the fond feelings, that rise in my heart ?
Wilt thou hear me, by all that is holy, declare,
That no time from my mem'ry thine image shall wear ?
No : when I forget thee, may Fancy expire,
And mine aukward hands fail to command the soft lyre !
Ah, Lucy ! say wilt thou be pleas'd with these vows,
From a youth, on whom Fortune no blessings bestows ;
From a poor simple youth, for the world much too shy,
Who from notice of great ones, and rich ones doth fly ;
Who shines not in circles, nor bustle enjoys,
But loves the far valley, remote from all noise ?
Ah ! wilt thou, above the vain shew and parade,
Whose dazzle too often thy sex has betray'd,
Of a fond faithful lover not scornfully deem,
Who has nought but his lyre to engage thy esteem ?
Ah, Lucy ! I've thought, but perhaps I was wrong,
When I press'd thy soft hand, (and the pleasure no tongue

Can ev'n faintly describe, that then thrill'd thro' my frame)
 I have thought, that thou didst not my happiness blame !
 When I've gaz'd on thy face, (and heav'n knows I have gaz'd,
 Till the tears of delight I scarce hid, that it rais'd,)
 I have thought, but perhaps I'm deceiv'd, that the love,
 Which my eyes ill concealed, thou didst not reprove !
 Ah me ! the sad moment of parting is near,
 When these exquisite joys I no longer may share ;
 When no more I with thee the swift hours may beguile,
 And hear thy sweet converse, and bless thy soft smile ;
 When no more thy dear arm upon mine e'er will lean,
 As we homeward return by the mild light of E'en ;
 When no more I may have the enjoyment divine
 To sit for whole hours with thy hand within mine !
 Ah, say, dearest Lucy, from thee when I go,
 What pleasure, that's equal to these, shall I know ?
 — I must fly to thick shades, and there wander alone,
 And brood on the thoughts of delights, that are gone.

D I R G E.



THE PRECEDING LINES HAVING BEEN SAID TO BE
THE PRODUCTION OF A FICTITIOUS PERSON, THIS
DIRGE WAS WRITTEN UPON HIS SUPPOSED DEATH.

I.

YE Virgins, come, meet round his tomb,
And scatter wild flowers on the ground ;
O sooth, with a tear for his doom,
His spirit, that hovers around !

II.

Oft he said, that with pleasure he'd die,
From your eyes if 'twould gain him a tear ;
And surely ye will not deny,
Now he's gone, such a due to his bier !

III.

Come, "Peace to his ashes," invoke,
For to sing of your charms was his pride !
His heart was so tender, it broke,
And he bless'd you, for you tho' he died.

IV.

By yon little spire, from the glade
 Peeping forth, where he oft was inspir'd,
 His pale bones in quiet are laid,
 From the world's evil haunts far retir'd.

V.

Yes, quiet he lov'd, while on earth;
 From all tumult and noise he would fly:
 May no worldling, with unhallow'd mirth,
 Approach where his ashes do lie!

VI.

Sweet Virtue with fondness he priz'd.
 From her paths tho' he sometimes might stray,
 Yet Vice from his soul he despis'd,
 And his mind was as pure as the day.

VII.

Ye maids of the village draw near;
 O drop a soft tear on the ground!
 And Friendship, soft Friendship, appear;
 And Fairies, come, gather around!

VIII.

Ye Maids, and ye Friends, in the light
 From insult protect his cold grave!
 And ye Fairies, from harms of the night
 O lend your assistance to save!

TO A LADY, LOOKING GRAVE.

Miss Bysshe

April 19, 1784.

I Thought, (perchance I fancied, what I fear'd,)
 Grave with unwonted clouds thy face appear'd,
 And, as when Phœbus with refulgent light
 Shines from the skies, the landscapes round are bright;
 But when by cloudy shadows veil'd, he shows
 Faintly his beams, the scene too darker grows;
 The varied tints of beauty lose their hue,
 And a brown horror sits o'er every view;
 So, from the varied beamings of thine eyes,
 In me as quick the true reflections rise.
 Mark, when thou smil'st, how gleam mine eyes with joy;
 And how thy pensive looks those gleams destroy!
 Then own, for here all rhet'rick I disclaim,
 Nor dress with Fancy's robes a real flame;
 Then own, if clouds o'ercast my drooping head,
 They by ungentle passions were not spread,
 But what I wish, yet tremble to declare,
 'Twas Love, the tender Love, that plac'd them there!



REFLECTIONS IN ABSENCE FROM THE SAME LADY.

*" I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all, that had pleas'd me before :
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve, that I priz'd them no more."*

Shenstone's Pastoral Ballad.

I.

TO my mind then my memory brings
Lost occasions, I vainly may seek ;
And I think of the thousand soft things,
That I meant, but omitted, to speak.

II.

'Twas here, that perchance not displeas'd
She had heard, what I panted to say !
And there, her lov'd hand when I seiz'd,
I too soon let her draw it away !

III.

By yon lonely path as we stray'd,
 How I curse my vain folly, and fear,
 That I dar'd not to give my lov'd maid,
 The lays, I had penn'd for her ear!

IV.

Thus I haste to my room and I muse
 On each word, and each look of my love;
 And the hours of dull absence I lose,
 As in dreams, where we wander'd, I rove!

F I N I S.

1811

11

By your humble servant as we have

low lands of your land, and

I have been not to your land

the day, I have been not

11

That I have to your land and I have

On the day, I have been not

And the day, I have been not

As the day, I have been not



F. I. M. I. E.

